

The Morning After

by TriplePivotTurn

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Summary: Waking up with your best friend in bed beside you and your girlfriend knocking on the front door. At some point things had changed, and now how to deal with that. Modern AU, Human!JackxHiccup. Hijacking A-Hoy.

The Morning After

****Morning after.****

He'd been awake for a while, just staring at Jack. It wasn't like he hadn't seen him before, but this particular morning he was seeing him in an entirely new light.

He hadn't been sure how he'd felt about his long term best friend. They hung around each other constantly, always interrupting each other's personal space and sentences with jabs, slung arms and bumps. It was fine. Normal. That's what close friends did right? They certainly didn't "well"

Hiccup blushed, pulling the sheets up higher to his face, feeling very, very naked next to his best friend.

Jack groaned, eyebrows furrowing in as he scrunched up his face, obviously slowly waking up and very unhappy about it. Hiccup held his breath, as though hoping he wouldn't be noticed, which was dumb really. They were sharing a single bed after all.

Jack blinked at him hazily a couple of times, frowning in an irritatingly endearing way before seemingly realising what was going on. His slightly chapped lips lifted at the corners and there were quick fingers on his waist, lightly skimming his skin.

"Hey." Jack smiled.

Hiccup froze for a moment unsure, caught like a rabbit in headlights. It was okay though, right? He let out his unconsciously held breath,

tentatively unfurling a hand he hadn't realised he'd clenched closed and sliding it along Jack's ribs, feeling the air hitch inside them even as Jack's gaze stayed lazy and sleep-addled.

"Hi." He replied softly.

"So, uh, last night." Jack started, tongue quickly darting out to nervously lick his lips. Hiccup felt a pleasant thrill run through him as he remembered just what last night had entailed. He remembered it as a rush of goosebumps and his face lit up in a blush.

Jack smiled a little wider, locking his eyes with Hiccup's. The auburn haired boy had such a perfect set of green eyes, and he couldn't help but remember how they had darkened last night, remembered how his cheeks flushed red, how he had traced that flush with eyes, fingertips, and lips as it had inched down his neck to his freckled chest.

"Uh, y-yeah." Hiccup stuttered as Jack's hand slid more firmly across him, his morning wood more apparent. "Jack, I, uh-."

"_Hiccup!_" Both boys jumped at the booming voice from downstairs. "_Astrid's here!_"

Hiccup's heart stopped. Oh God. _Astrid_.

He stared in horror at Jack who mirrored his expression. They flew out of bed, quickly fumbling for clothes and deliberately not looking at each other. Jack determinedly stared at his fly as though doing up his pants was particularly difficult, keeping his eyes away from Hiccup.

Hiccup nearly fell over as he tried to walk and pull his shirt over his head at the same time, tripping on the hems of his pants. "Shit, Oh shit." He muttered to himself. "Jack. What do I say? What do I _do_?"

Hiccup had completely forgotten how to act around his girlfriend. His _girlfriend_, who was waiting downstairs while he climbed out of bed with his best friend. His _male_ best friend. He threw a look to Jack as he finished tugging on his blue hoody. A strange look passed over his face. It was both defeated and victorious. He opened his mouth as though to reply but just closed it soundlessly.

"_Hiccup!_" His dad bellowed again.

"Coming!" He called back tugging open the door. Jack stayed behind.

Jack stood for a moment. Just stood. He had finally had Hiccup, there in his arms, with his skin all peppered with freckles, _god_ his freckles. He let out a deep breath, rolling his shoulders. Doesn't this change anything? Shouldn't it change everything?

But Hiccup wasn't up here with him, was he? He was downstairs with Astrid. Jack had jeopardised everything they had and for what? A night. A night with Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III.

It was worth it, wasn't it?

He gnawed his bottom lip. He didn't know what he had expected in the morning; that they'd talk, maybe, but he hadn't planned this. He hadn't planned any of this. He hadn't meant to jump Hiccup. Really he hadn't.

Hiccup had been drawing. He was always drawing, head bowed over his sketch book as he sat at his desk. The glow from the desk lamp, the way his eyebrows knitted together, the way his tongue poked out just a little from the corner of his mouth when he focused. It was all just so Hiccup. So fascinating and Jack had long since realised that he had thoughts about his friend and appreciative looks at his friend that he really shouldn't; but Hiccup hadn't noticed, and what was the harm in admiring him? And he had been, just admiring him from his spot on the bed where he'd set aside his DS game at Hiccup's first frustrated groan.

That had been the mistake.

He watched as Hiccup sucked the tip of the pencil into his mouth, tipped his head back, eyes closed and sighed in frustration (something he did when a drawing just wasn't working), and that moment ruined it all. Everything he'd been holding back just fell apart and Hiccup was suddenly in his arms, pressed against that desk, groaning against his lips, eyes wide open and then tightly closed.

Jack ran a hand through his hair. He'd seemed to enjoy it, hadn't he? Had Hiccup even wanted what if he'd just complied because it felt good? And it must've felt good, right? How he'd groaned and ground against him. Surely that meant that Hiccup reciprocated his feelings, right?

What if it didn't?

What if Hiccup hadn't wanted him at all?

He had been a little rough, the debris spread around the room was sign of that, but there'd been passion from both parties, he was sure of it. At some point Hiccup was atop him and kissing him, not just accepting Jack's affections but returning them. But that didn't change the fact that Jack was his best friend whom he'd just slept with and one moment ago he was here and now he was gone.

Downstairs.

With. His. Girlfriend.

His long-term-now-and-forever-really-Jack-she's-the-be st
girlfriend.

Suddenly the floor felt far away and the world wasn't spinning quite right. What had he done?

* * *

><p>"Are you okay?" Astrid gazed at him, worried.<p>

"Ah yeah, A-Astrid." His eyes darted to the side. He felt dirty. "I'm fine." He smiled.

"You and Jack have a late night again?" She joked. Hiccup tried not to look guilty and only slightly succeeded.

"Yeah, you know us." He shrugged, sheepishly scratching the back of his head.

"Anyway, I was just passing by with Stormfly when I thought I'd say hi and make sure we were still on for tomorrow?" She smiled.

"Yup." He tried for a smile but only half his mouth lifted. "Movie starts at four right?"

She punched his arm. "No need to look so down, it's not that much of a chick flick." She joked before grabbing him by the collar and kissing him soundly on the lips. He froze a little and before he could respond she was off and away, waving good-bye. "Well I'll see you tomorrow, let you go back to layin' around. Tell Jack to sleep at his house at some point, would you?"

"Yeah, sure thing. See you tomorrow!" He waved, closing the door heavily.

He glanced at the stairs leading up to his room. He wasn't sure he wanted to go back up there. His heart hummed with apprehension, fingers twitching, palms sweating. He wasn't really one for avoiding his problems though, it was something he'd have to face eventually and the longer he left it, the worse it would get. He could hardly blame Jack for it either. Sure, Jack had made the first move, but Hiccup could've stopped him at any point and, shamefully, the thought hadn't even crossed his mind. It had just felt so right somehow. As though it was supposed to happen, as though it should've happened earlier. He and Jack were never just friends, really.

He took a deep, fortifying breath, balling his hands into fists and headed back upstairs. He paused at the door, gathering his thoughts before turning into the room, closing the door quietly behind him. Jack was sitting on the bed staring at his palms.

"Hey."

Jack didn't look up. "Hi."

"Listen." Hiccup moved over to sit next to him on the bed, not looking at him, staring instead at the back of his closed door. "About last night. Jack, I-."

"I'm sorry." Jack interrupted, head sinking a little lower. "I wasn't thinking last night, it was wrong of me to have just, to risk everything we have, I don'tâ€¦ I don't want this to wreck our friendship but if you don't want to, to see me again because ofâ€¦ because of last night, I would understand." Jack's hands clenched at his knees in a white-knuckled grip.

Hiccup frowned. "Jack, I-".

"You're dating Astrid. I shouldn't have done this to your relationship and to ours. I shouldn't have just forced myself on you." Jack continued, oblivious to Hiccup's interruptions, too focused on himself and his own guilt.

Hiccup's frown became deeper. "Jack, you didn't just force yourself on me. I'm not some helpless damsel. I wasâ€¦ I uh. I wanted it too."

Jack suddenly released his knees, eyes darting over to Hiccup. "But Astrid."

"Iâ€¦ I really love Astrid. She's always been great to me, butâ€¦" Jack held his breath as Hiccup took a deep one in. "I can't just leave her and jump into something with you. I'm notâ€¦ I'm not like that."

"I know." Jack replied, heart falling.

"That doesn't mean, that something, I mean that we can't everâ€¦ you know." Hiccup rushed, finally tearing his eyes away from the extremely fascinating door to meet clear blue.

Jack's heart rushed up into his throat and the beginning of a mad man's grin began to blossom on his lips. "You mean, maybe you and me canâ€¦"

Hiccup quickly threw his hands up as Jack leaned closer. "Last night wasâ€¦" he trailed off, goosebumps rising again as he remembered those nimble fingers, the cold lips and warm mouth. He blinked, returning back to the conversation. "Great." He finished lamely. "But it's not fair to Astrid for us to be going around behind her back. I mean, after everything, she doesn't deserve this."

Jack had the decency to look ashamed, shoulders rising, head sinking. "I didn't mean for--"

"But I'm glad it did. Happen, I mean. Last night." Hiccup interrupted, quickly glancing down to his knees, furrowing his brows together as he tried to formulate what he felt into words. "I think I've always kind of known that. I mean, I had Astrid and we've been best friends forever so I thought that's what that wasâ€¦ what everything we did was. But I'm starting to realise that that wasn't what we were at all. We were more than thatâ€¦ but just not actuallyâ€¦ aaaah, this isn't making any sense." Hiccup ran his fingers through his hair. Jack smiled at the familiar gesture.

"No, I understand." He reached a hand up slowly, placing it at the juncture of Hiccup's neck and shoulder where the skin was exposed before the collar of his shirt. It wasn't the first time he'd done it, but the movement seemed more loaded with meaning now. Maybe the meaning had always been there, but now it seemed so obvious, such an elephant in the room that the weight of it became apparent as well. Friends didn't do this intimacy, but it was something they'd always done and had just accepted as part of their friendship. So many unquestioned things suddenly seemed questionable.

"So what are you going to tell Astrid?"

"The truth, I guess." Hiccup shrugged. "That she'll always be my best friend, but I'm not going to pretend that this never happened." His jaw hardened with resolve. "I might not tell her about tonight, but I, I'm going to tell her that maybe I might've just fallen for my best friend while I wasn't watching."

"Well I hope you don't repeat the pattern, if you know what I mean."
Jack joked, bumping his shoulder against him.

"Jack!" Hiccup shoved him.

Jack laughed, the sound melodic. "Too soon?"

* * *

><p>AN: Thanks to beautiful beta reader Endy for the fabulous
work!

Anyway, just wanted to cast a glimpse into the morning after an
encounter with your bestest friend. I just realised I have to think
of summary for this... yeah by now you'll know how that turned out...
dang.

Please let me know how you think it all went... not the summary
though, the drabble.

End
file.